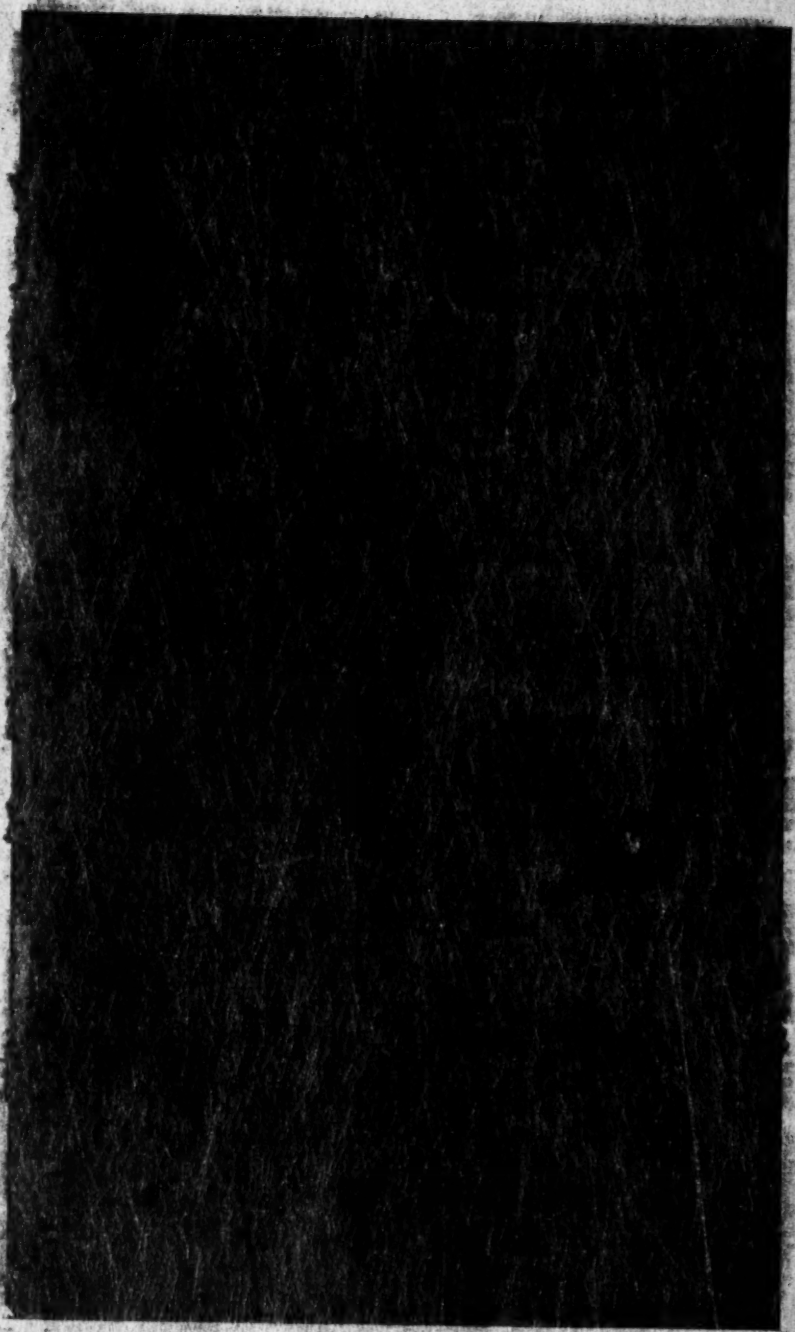


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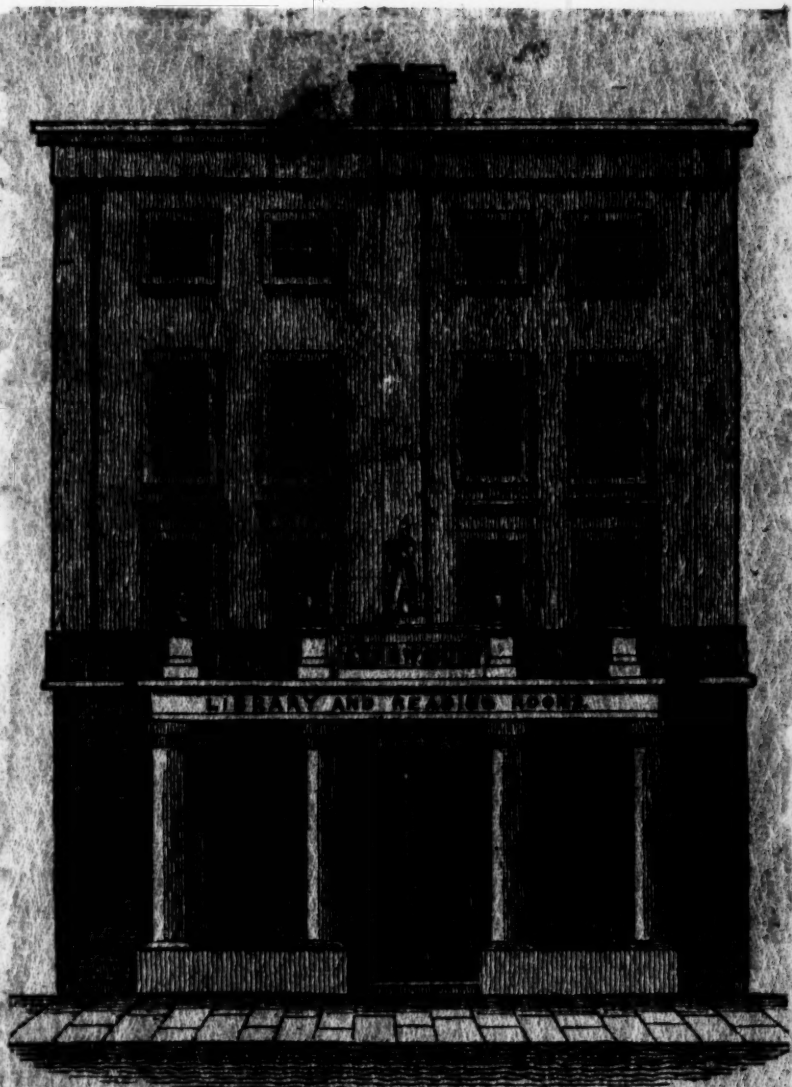
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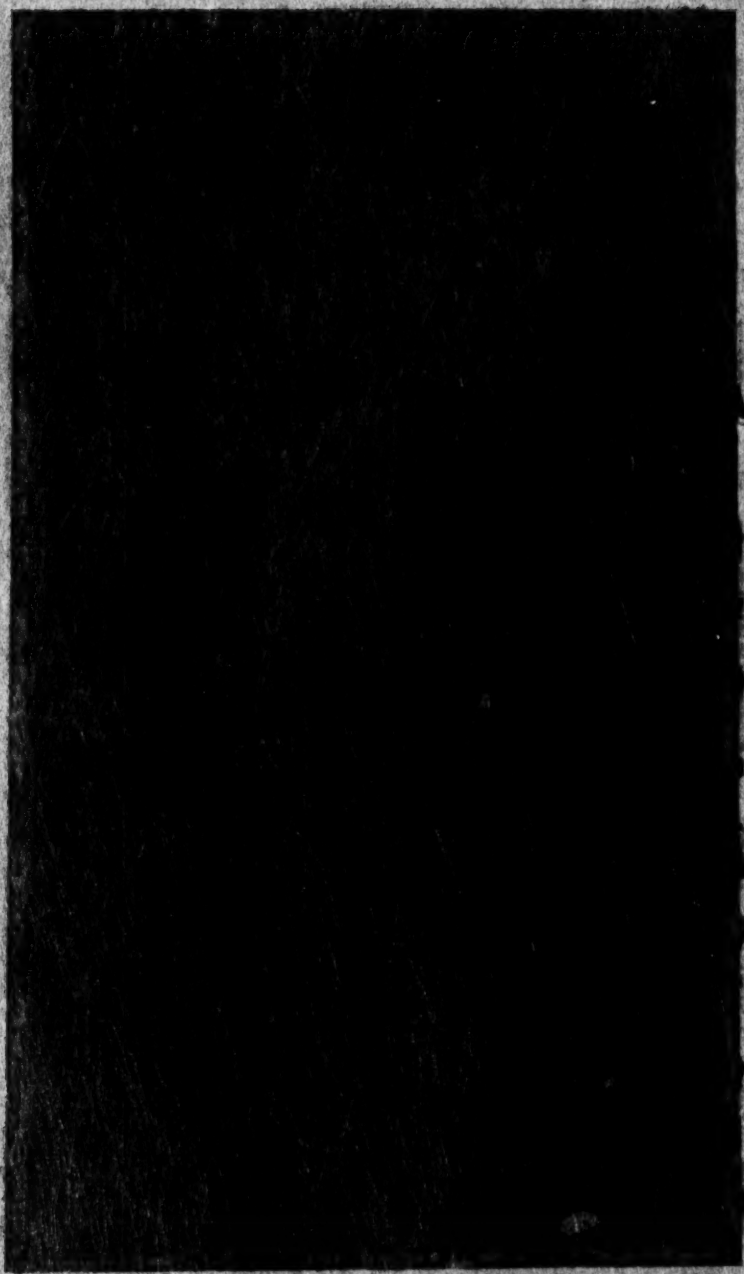
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THE
Illustrious MODERN,

WITH A

Commiffion

TO THE

KNIGHT

OF THE

SOLECISMS.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by JOHN MORPHEW,
near Stationers-Hall. 1718.

THE

Illustrations MODERN

Commission



KING

OF THE

LONDON

Printed and Sold by J. B. L. & Co. 17, St. Paul's Churchyard, London.



TO THE
KNIGHT
OF THE
SOLECISMS,
A
COMMISSION.



RISE up, Sir Bavius Not of L *field*
in the County of S, Knight of the
Solecisms, let the Knights, of all Ages
and Countries keep an awful Distance,
not the fam'd Heroes of Jerusalem,
or Malta, not he of La Mancha, tho' sprung from
a Poetick Brain, shall be nam'd in a Day with my
bright and unparallel'd Worthy.

Sir, know, I say, know, and value yourself, your
Commission, your very Knighthood is no less than to
defend my Calliope from the Folly and Insolence of
Quacks.

4 The COMMISSION.

Numerous, Sir, very numerous are your Rivals
for a Post of so great Honour, a fine Gentleman
insisting, that the Muses Champion ought to be
himself an Author, on behalf of his Capacity boasts
these Rhymes.

Upon Sight of Chloris, at Tunbridge.

Fairness and Sweetness, Innocence and Bloom
All meet in *Chloris*, and conspire our Doom,
O! the vast Charms of that unpractis'd Air!
Such Numbers of Perfections who can bear?

How much at Variance did we seem before?
Now did this Nymph, and now did that adore!
But when *She* came, all strait agreed at Sight,
And own'd with Pleasure her superior Right.

So *We* stand doubtful in a shiny Night,
Which Spangle of the Sky appears most bright;
'Till haply we the *Venus* Star descry,
Then all Disputes with Joy determin'd fly.

The VERSION.

Smoothness and Dulness, and decaying Bloom,
All meet in *Laurus*, and conspire our Doom;
Jest of bright *Chloris*, As in *Waller's* Air,
Thy Felony and Crambe who can bear?

How much at Variance were the Beaus before?
Now did this Coxcomb, now did that adore!

You

The COMMISSION. 5

You starting up, they all agreed at Sight,
And own'd with Pleasure your superior Right.

So Owls uncertain in a Rhimy Night,
Which Spangle of the Sky appears most bright;
At length the Dog Star happily descry,
And all the Nothings into Nothing fly.

The Rabble of Parnassus encreases upon you, Sir James A. ! Sir Samuel C. ! Sir Richard H. ! all Men of better Parts than you: But still, Sir, you are my Favourite, and stand insuperably prefer'd.

Sir, shou'd the Satir grin at my Choice (the Knight of the Solecisms!) for the Muses Champion, with all my Heart, I'm not made of retracting Metal, your Capacity I know, and if you are not the greatest Wit, I'll maintain you to be the greatest Gossip in England.

It's a Modern Policy in Authors, to put it into the Gazette, Post-Man, Post-Poy, Flying-Post, Daily-Courant, that on such a Day such a Book will appear, as thus, on Thursday next, being the Day of the Month of will be publish'd a Book, entitul'd, The Illustrious Modern, by (no Matter here for the Name) then follows an Account of the fine Paper, nice Cuts, and Copper Plates, all great Modern Excellences.

Other printing Wits previously send an Ambling Friend about, beset Coffee-Houses, Court and City, with their Comforters, Aiders and Abettors.

Sir,

6 The COMMISSION.

Sir, you're all these in One, you're many Gazettes, my utmost Wish. Begin then, Sir, blow the Trumpet of Fame, prepossess, so well prepossess the World, that Ten Editions, be the Book as Low, or Modern as it will, shall scarce undeceive the courteous Reader.

What if (for you have Leisure enough, indeed you have nothing but Leisure) I say, what if in your daily Perambulations you give about several of my little Pieces to Persons, as many as you please, you'll call all particular Friends, you'll remember to say, Ex pede Herculem, that I will have my Jest, and that you your self pretend not to be Shot-free, as for Example.

To Sir Bavius N o t, arraigning the late Queen's Wisdom in Post-poning him, and preferring Sir Thomas Parker to be Chief Justice of England.

Thou damn'd Reverse of Balaam's Ass,
The Brute spoke once and very well,
Brisk Nonsense with a Front of Brass
Rings thy eternal tuneless Bell.
Sage Parker Pardons thy Offence,
But the rouz'd Nine for Vengeance strive,
And, Sauce-box, for thy fond Pretence
Thou'lt be, like Marfyas, flea'd alive.

Sir, you can do any thing, what if you shou'd take some busier Fellow, (if there's one in the World) than your self into a Corner privately, that is publickly, in St. James's Coffee-House, and give him the following in entire Confidence of Secrecy.

To

The COMMISSION.

7

To Sir PHILIP BUZZARD,

IF *Heralds* wou'd vouchsafe thy Line to Trace,
 'Tis murm'ring *Medway's* Sink, *Kent's* long
 (Disgrace,
 Hare-Lips, Moon-Eyes, and Frenzy, mark thy
 (Race.)

Thou art the finish'd Blot of erring Time,
 Like a *Mad Horse*, thou rushest on a Crime;
 Art a *Bear's Cub*, a Vicious cudgel'd Mule,
 A *Knave* that's work'd, and Rhimes to reachless
 (Tool.

Then fix like *Advertisements* of Stage-
 Coachmen on all the Gates of London
 and Westminster.

Canidia Berstediana
 Anglicè.

Betty Crackrope, alias Mumper, alias Hiderwit.

THOU damn'd He-she, fit for an *Indian* God,
 A *Saracen's* Head, a look half-bak'd half
 (Sod,
 A hideous *Sybil* Pox'd, a *Bess* of *Bedlam* Bawd.

A foaming *Climax* from your first leud *Teen*,
 To your fourth Score in Life's salacious Scene,
 Of Spirit as of Flesh infernally unclean.

Per-

8 The COMMISSION.

Perfect in all the Crimes of Young and Old,
 Fraught with prodigious Compounds you en-
 (fold,
 The wou'd-be *Whore* and *Slut*, the *Hypocrite* and
 (Scold.

As Cribbige-Play'rs to mix *Fifteens* contend,
 Here *Ape* and *Sow*, there *Sow* and *Goat* you
 (Blend,
 Here *Par'site*, *Gossip*, *Fool*, there *Skimington* and
 (Fiend.

If 'tis objected, that *Betty Crackrope's* dead, *she's*
no more dead than Betty Mackarel, Madam Mose-
ly, Madam Cuffly, and others of famous Memory:
In short, they are all only bury'd, and here's Betty
Crackrope's Immortality on Earth, thus, Sir, you'll
strike a Terror, and make Persons slow to cry me
down, while you cry me up.

Sir, if you were not *Gossip* enough, I have *Mat-*
ter to set up any Gossip in England: O rare Prince
Prettiman! show him, (you know he receives fre-
quent Correction for his ill Manners;) I say, show him
a Simile (suppose it somewhere introduc'd in a Poem)
how he was once an Achilles, when Another, like
my Lord Bacon's melior natura, stood encouraging
by.

So a *half Mast*y, when the *Foe* appears,
 Pricks up in doubt a pair of *Mongrel Ears*;
 But if his Master *Howls* the *Cur* t'engage,
 The *Bully Cur* falls on with borrow'd *Rage*.

Similes

Smiles are fine Things, Sir, you must go next to Crispin the Villain Atheist, and show him his Simile, to a Scene how he made a poor spirited Cully go more forc'd than invited to Crispin's House, and play deep there.

So a good Wolf, urg'd with Paternal Thought,
For home Provision, seeks abroad his Lot,
And in his Hunt meets with a well-fed Goat.
Come along, Sirrah, cries the Sylvan Dog,
Ne'er think I'll carry such a pond'rous Rogue;
Seiz'd by the Beard, and led, and, when he'd fail,
Flog'd on, by Isgrim's backward reaching Tail,
The Property keeps answerable Pace,
And, without Cot'rell, finds the fatal Place,
Where he's a Meal to all the Wolvish Race.

You may then present the renown'd Crispin with these.

TO CRISPIN, *defying the Muse.*

A Verse on Thee! Look with thy proper Brags,
And lay thy Claim to that peculiar Grace;
When Virtue errs, kind Satir hits the Blot,
And Cotwper, Somers, Cato's better Taught;
Who wou'd a Rhime at quacking Atheists throw,
Or on Sir Crackrope-B *nd* a Lash bestow?
Squire Catch, not Phæbus, is their dang'rous Foe.
To mark a Newgate Wit the Muse disdains,
And fairly leaves him to be hang'd in Chains.

B

Sir,

10 The C O M M I S S I O N.

Sir, on this Head you are to Advertise the World, that I'll not give Will. F. Lows the Lash; as he's an Upstart, I may help him to an allusive Coat of Arms, the common Sign, We are Three, (i. e.) F. Lows; but still this is not Verse; and if Will. with a Notion to deny his own long Ears, shou'd plead he's a Knave: All Newgate can over-rule his Plea, and shew the Knave blended with the Fool, in the Persons of coming in and going out Wits, that maintain each Character to their last, if our Master in Ch. ry likes not the Report, as pen'd by me, let Him mend it.

You must not fail, Sir, to declare that my Muse will avoid Rochester's quondam representing Woodcock, he hid his Head, but 'twas seen; his Breach of Trust and practis'd Villany with O. d, Bul- lingbroke and Sir Necnon, on behalf of the Villain-Atheist, have without the help of Rhime fell back on the Woodcock, and fast'ned on him the true Character of a Rogue, not of a Wit, nor of one at all worthy of Poetick Flights.

Set the Crier to call Tom Otter, Sir, you shall then for the more Solemnity openly denounce to him that he shall not be dignify'd by my Muse, I know he'd rather keep his old Farningham Scourvy and Night-pains, than loose his settled Reputation of a Knave. I remember my Lady highly re- sented my Defence of her Virtue, what (said she) was my Virtue to him? Now, I know, why I lost Twen'y good Offers in a Week. Tom Otter (for Views, colore officii) wou'd give Money to be put into the Gazette for a Villain, and wishes, but wishes

wishes in vain, that I'd celebrate him in good
Doggrel.

Sir Necnon's importunate and inconsolable, am I
then, said He, deserted by this Son of Rhime?
What an irreparable Loss wou'd it be to me, if the
whole Nation shou'd on the sudden take a fit to
fancy I scorn'd a Bribe, and wou'd on no Account
betray the King? 'Tis a vast Advantage for a Man
to have a certain fix'd Character, that all People
(Papists, Jews, or Pagans, Townly, Francia, or
Crispin) who want a Villain in Trust or Power,
may know where to find, and be sure of him.

Sir, if I afford him a Motto;

Terra malos Homines nunc educat atque pusillos;

Pray tell him, he must not too much depend on my
Muse, sure the variety of criminal Matter he af-
fords me, makes him against my Principle a kind of
favourite Villain, and I esteem him for his Custom,
as Jack Catch esteems a Fellow that's first Whipt,
then Burnt in the Hand, and afterwards Hang'd;
I doubt I shall scarce get the Act of Oblivion re-
peal'd for Sir Necnon, I wish him the Justice of
Pharaoh's Baker, if that's a fine Dream, I leave
my Sir Necnon to the King's leisirable bright Eye;
the Jew's Affair is a handsome Precedent to make
foreign Correspondence safe for any Romish or Van-
dal Design, this is good Prose, and Sir Necnon

will sometimes creep into Verse, but to deck Him at a mighty Rate, to paint an entire Arch-Villain in Rhime, the Muse does, I think, too much the Hangman's Work; and in our profligate Age, the Arch-Villain's protected, as by a Shield, by a Number of abetting Villains, that with natural Affection and Instinct, depend on him for occasional mutual Support, all Misrepresentation, and Indempnity.

A Scavanger muse that wou'd draw a whole length of the woful Sir Necnon, may as well give us the temporary Lists of the condemn'd Hole, or of the Scottish and other Presbiters that take the Oath of Allegiance to qualify themselves for the preaching of Rebellion. As I own a Publick Spirit, and wou'd turn all I can to my Country's Benefit, by my Consent they shall be thrown in to help fill up Dagenham Breach, disgrace they shall not my Pegasus with all that's unworthy of the Pagan Priesthood.

By this time I flatter myself I have made Enemies, whom tho' I despise, yet it may seem not amiss in us to make some Friends.

Sir to have the beautiful World, the Female Vote on our side, you shall shew what a Husband I am, you shall furiously give about this former, But still new Pindarick I made on my Wife,

The Nymph has pleas'd me now a Year,
 Five Months, three Weeks, a Day and half
 (an Hour,
 'Tis

'Tis that my Bride's Perfections bear:
A trying Light, and Love's discerning Pow'r.

To represent the God as Blind,
Is a Lampoon on noble Love,

Cetera desunt.

But there's

A Receipt for a Breakfast,

Take a White Loaf—

By the way, 'tis only to make a Butter-Bread;
Now, mind, Sir, mind, Dough bread's a damn'd
Thing, and by the help of one Loyal Protestant Ba-
ker, that shall under-heat his Oven, I'll in one Epi-
sode choak all the King's Enemies, Those, ev'n those
who glibly swallow'd a false Oath of Allegiance.

Sir, lay about you, oblige me, exert your Lo-
quacity, fix upon me the Character of a grave
Jack-pudding; offer Wagers that I shall out-do the
Lutrin, and the fam'd English Translation, call it
Imitation, or Paraphrase. With an, O Imita-
tores Pecudum genus! say, I copy after nothing,
except

14 The COMMISSION.

except (and sometimes I think to burn it as a Copy)

MY Praise of Folly, a Handsome Volume, it consists of about 4000 Verses, shew it in Parts, we are slid again into satyr; I want the Names of two or three Hundred, what do you call 'em, sure, by running up and down, you might from Coffee-Houses, Tea-Tables, Clubs, Westminster, the Exchange, all Places, get me a compleat List, my Muse will comprehend All; and those Names that fit not my Rhime, shall be put in the middle of my Verse.

In all your Impertinence you must not be Wicked, I give you the Hint, because I know you to be a Man of no Principles, a Word as bad, and of more Contempt, than if I said you are a Man of ill Principles.

I have heard it objected against Wit (of which, for my own and my Reader's sake, I wish I had more) that if it were strip'd from its Breaches on Piety, Modesty, Morality, and Charity, little Wit, commonly so call'd, wou'd remain in the World.

You'll take this, Sir, to be, as it is, an Objection not against Wit, but the Abuse of Wit, there are two sorts of ill Writers, the Insipid and the Wicked, when

when these meet, they are exploded by all Mankind, but the Wicked with Wit are far from deserving Praise.

Sir, to let the Matter of Wit alone, Ask Peremptorily, if any Man will say I ever offended against Piety, Modesty, or Morality, I hope I have by Emblems heighten'd regard to Religion and Virtue, and cloath'd the Passion of Love in the purest Garments.

Can my Charitee stand the Test? If I name, or (which I own to be the same, or near the same, in this Question) describe Persons, are they guilty or not? If not, the Satyr falls back without Hurt on any but the Author, if there's guilt, let Persons mend, and behold a Funeral to the Satyr, they are Objects of my Esteem, and may very well deny they are the Persons, since the Coat made for 'em, is no more fit; to suppose (which I am not willing) that the Sinners remain incorrigible, is it not the height of Charity to make them Examples, for others to avoid?

I mind the Challenge of Samuel, whose Ox have I taken? Or whose Afs have I taken? Or whom have I defrauded? Whom have I oppress'd? Or of whose Hand have I receiv'd any Bribe?

This is well enough for a Jew, the Christian flies higher, and says, Whom have I hated? Sir, I, who know my own Heart, assure the World I hate no Man, in the Justice of my Rhime I look beside Provocation, and I wish the Reformation of Persons to the ruin of my Satyr, where this cannot be, the Monument of my Satyr must stand.

16 The COMMISSION

I detain myself too long, from an Affair of great Importance; 'tis to Seat myself, like Augustus Cæsar, in an arm'd Chair; and see my Children, as he saw his Servants, scramble for Nuts.

Thus in Mirth with my perpetual Bride, I judge the Temper and Metal of our little People.

The comical Scene's over, and my Eldest Boy looks serious. Jack, what have you in your little Noddle? "Pappa, they say my Grandfather and
" Great Grandfather both drew their Swords for
" the King, against the Round-Head Parliament.
" Pappa, they say, the Family has been Remarkable
" for opposing the Usurpation of the Commons in
" all Ages. Well, what's next? Pappa, they say,
" you forc'd the Hanover Succession down the
" Throats of the Passive Rebels, that rais'd at the
" Thirtieth of January, and put hard for another.
" Pappa, if any Corporation of Knaves should
" trifle with the King's Safety, and be at Bargains
" for Themselves; I'll carry up a Remonstrance,
" and require 'em to turn THEIR LOYAL AD-
" DRESSES INTO BILLS OF SUPPLY. All
" the Boys say they'll follow Me; they like none but
" Kingly Government, they love GEORGE THEIR
" SOVEREIGN LORD, and will not understand
" the late H *Ly*s, or present W *ly* les".

My Boy, you talk beyond your Years, let these Things alone a while, you are an honest Boy, but as much a Boy as some that are of Age, and fancy'd the King their Viceroy; we have not only a Loyal Parliament, but a King and Royal Race, that know their Right, and despise Demagogues; I
hope

hope such Aid as your Father brought against the Heads, (so they became) of Rabble, will never more be wanted by the Croton. Here are some more Nuts, Boy, go Scramble again.

Knight of the Solecisms, you see your immediate Task; if, when my Book appears, you perceive Envy rising among the Criticks, Retailers, and Quarter-Wits, if any Man shall Censure me, or omit incense - to my Muse, be you on high Terms with him, tell him, I'll make him the Hero of a daily Paper; tell him I'll write, and if I can't write, I'll cut his Head off; there's a fine Allusion to Alexander's Prank on the Gordian Knot, you may add in an eager whispering Voice, in short, we are tam Marte quam Mercurio. Scraps of Latin, are of divers Uses, sometimes contain what can't be so well translated, and sometimes make a Man pass for a Scholar, tho' he scarce understands English.

Knight of the Solecisms, by your well following the Employment I have found for you, I fancy you may chance to have all your Ribs broke; your foolish Treasonable Speech, in which you vilify'd the Sign Manual, and boasted of your acting against the King, under the Great Seal, is not forgot. People wish you'd do something to employ the Sheriff, a common War-rant wou'd be enough for you, without troubling the Great Seal. Renown'd Thraso, by your talking of Sword and Pistol, Challenges, offensive Wars, Disarmings and Deeds never done, your passive Qualification is universally depended on. To Comfort your self under Batteries, lift up your Mind with Remembrance,

membrance, that Julius Cæsar and Alexander were sometimes in Adversity; Knighthood is a perilous State, when I consider my Interest in you; I have no Apprehension that you'll ever cease your Impertinence, that any Rebuke will cure you of your meddling Temper, your busy Quality, which is enough for me, and what I build on, for the rest I care not: You are, I own, a forlorn Hope, or Sea Venture; I think, I venture less in your Person, than Whittington ventur'd in his Cat, that famously brought him a vast Return.

Knight of the Solecisms, I have said nothing of your Pedigree, a Knight of Atchievements shou'd be deriv'd from a long Race of Heroes: Thus Virgil brings Æneas, not from the Parish-Book, or Rates for the Poor, but from Kings and Demigods; then for collateral Kindred, the Trojan chief had his brave Cousin Hector, not Jerry Not Who, in the Annals of the Reverend Mr. Paul Lorrain (about 1715) stands Recorded to have suffer'd the last for petty Larceny. Good Sir, if your Genealogy's obscure, 'tis one way an Advantage that your Ancestors cannot be ill spoken of, 'till they are discover'd; then the Virtue you have is the more your own, and shou'd you be too hard press'd, shou'd you be call'd Toad-stool, or Mr. Yesterday, quote my Lord Rochester's Verses upon Nothing, and you may defy all the World to disown the Antiquity of your Negative Race.

But, Sir, shou'd I still go on; I, who have this luxuriant Vein, my Preface (a common Case among the Moderns) may chance to be better than my Book, which you are to justify in all Points. Tho' your Ar-

THE COMMISSION. 19

Arguments on its behalf be not worth a Bacon, yet your tossing the Question, like a Ball, among the Critick World, will set their Brains to Work, and most wonderful Beauties, which I myself know nothing of, will be found out. I depend on your mighty Talent, your Perfection of Prating; and on that Score, remain,

Most Lovingly Yours.



8 N059



THE



THE
Illustrious MODERN.

Attend *Apollo*, and the sacred tuneful
Nine!

To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Picture of the
KING.

*Kneller, with Silence and Surprise,
We see Britannia's MONARCH rise;
A Godlike Form, by thee display'd,
In all the Force of Light and Shade:
And, aw'd by thy delusive Hand,
As in the Presence-Chamber stand.*



THESE, O *Illustrious Modern*! these, and
the rest of your noble Copy, are; it seems,
the top of the National Genius, the loft-
tiest Flight of our Poetick Wing. One
wou'd have thought the *King*, and a new
or newly restor'd *Royal Race*, the World
happily begun again by *England*, the old *Saxon Line*,
and brave *Plantagenet* re-inthron'd, had deserv'd the
most Heroick Muse's Regard; but with what, O ye
Gods!

Gods! are we treated? with Verse or Prose? With something or nothing? With Praise or Satyr on the King?

Shou'd not the respectful Writer be ever distinguishing and proper? Shou'd we not immediately find the *Hero*, and acknowledge the Character to be as particular and just, as it is great? Can a fam'd Author write, of the most distinguish'd great *Person* in the World, Things fit for every Body, and fit for no Body; at least, more fit for a Tradesman, or other common Inhabitant of the Universe, than for a God-like *Hero*, or a *Cesar*? I confess, Sir, tho' in this grievous Stuff, this sleepy Metre, this heavy Phlegmatick Rhime, I have lost, or rather never found, the *King* in Council, or at the Head of his Armies; yet I have found, readily found, Another; and by altering your Title Page, I will bring my Fancy to the Test.

To Sir Godfrey Kneller, on his Picture of Mr. Wanly the Goldsmith.

Kneller, with Silence and Surprise,
We see the Lending Monarch rise;
A God-like Form, by Thee display'd,
In all the Force of Light and Shade;
And, aw'd by thy delusive Hand,
Like Borrowers at his Counter stand.

Positively, Sir, in your Stile, in these Royal Robes of your making, here's the *Fleet-street King*, as we daily see him (at his Palace, or Shop the *Three Squirrels*) busy, and attended Cap in Hand by the Quality, to supply their pressing Occasions; and, Sir, have I done you Injury? Have I forc'd your Verse? Does it not, I mean, *Mutatis Mutandis*, does it not fall naturally into *Mri Wanly*? Indeed, as *Mr. Wanly* is a Man of fair Character, I am to ask his Pardon, Sir, to pass (which yet

yet how can I pass?) Your delusive Stroke that hints a Difficulty on Beholders, to find *Majesty* in *Majesty*; it's proper, (I speak on the Occasion with the utmost Disdain;) I say, it's proper to display a *Villain*, not a *King*, not a *Hero*, not any honest Man of any Rank or Degree. *Horace* is admir'd for his Choice of Elegant and most adapted Words to his Theme, how unparticular, convertible, and every way unworthy, is your Poetick Stile and Matter? Sir, I shall release the Fair-Dealing Mr. *Wanly*, and try how your displaying Stanza will fit Sir *Necnon*.

*Kneller, with Silence and Surprise,
We see the Pygmy Monarch rise;
A Knave and Fool, by thee display'd,
In all the Force of Light and Shade:
And, aw'd by thy delusive Hand,
In Pump-Court at his Chambers stand.*

Sir, if in my first Essay, I was a little too brisk, I hope I have here mended that Fault; Again, Sir, again let your *Anticlimax* (that noble Figure in Rhetorick) be compar'd to mine.

*As in the Presence-Chamber stand,
In Pump-Court at his Chambers stand.*

It may seem an equal Cast to a lazy Eye, but, on a strict Survey by the curious Arbiters of our Strife, will be found a Mathematical Truth, that I am Victor; that is, nearer to the Low-Water-Mark by just a quarter of a Hair's breadth.

Momus observing a large Field for him, Prompts me, Sir, to take all your Performance Stanza by Stanza; but your Adorer, lovingly to himself, puts from himself a Labour, in which the Reader wou'd share; Sir, then I shall only

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only gather here and there a Flower. My dear *Illustrious*, how you Charm me when how Pathetically exclaim,

*O may I live, to hail the Day!
When the glad Nation shall survey
Their Sov'reign, thro' his wide Command,
Passing in Progress o're the Land.*

Sir, they that like this Stile, and my *Lord-Mayor's* Company, may go Dine with him in *Fishmonger's-Hall*, and farther treat themselves with these Verses under a goodly and better deserving Statue.

*I Walworth, Knight, Lord-Mayor, that slew
Rebellious Tyler in his Alarms,
The King therefore, did give in lieu
A Dagger to the City's Arms.*

Now, my dear *Illustrious*, for your Epifode to Sir Kneller.

*Thy Pencil has, by Monarchs sought,
From Reign to Reign in Ermin wrought,
And in their Robes of State array'd,
The Kings of half an Age display'd.*

Sir,

Sir, cou'd not your batter'd Hackney Muse hold out, without a Yawn in a short Copy, and on a Theme that wou'd ev'n raise the Dead? I think your displaying Muse match'd in the Sublime by an Inscription on a *White-Chappel Sign*:

*This Loin of Pork due Notice gives,
That here a Sausage-Maker lives.*

And know all Men in your Stile, That Sir Godfrey Kneller, Knight and Taylor, lives somewhere in London or Westminster; but if you, my dear *Illustrious*, will in your next Flights certify, that he the said

Sir Kneller has in Leather wrought,

I'll entitle him *Knight* and Shoe-maker; I'll adjure him to make very neat, but above all, easy work for the *King's Majesty*.

P. 6, 7, and 8 of your stuff, you turn and double like a Hare near hunted down. Your Painter, tho' tir'd genius Affects, or seems to vary, I say, your Painter, your Coiner, and your Carver, are all but one jaded Fancy.

Happily at length comes your Conclusion, for the ease of your self, and your Reader.

Great

Great Pan, who went to chase the Fair,
And lov'd the spreading Oak, was there;
Old Saturn too, with up-cast Eyes
Beheld his abdicated Skies;
And mighty Mars for War renown'd
In Adamantine Armour frown'd.
By him the Childless Goddess rose
Minerva, Studious to Compose
Her twisted Threads, the Web she strung,
And e'er a Loom of Marble hung;
Thetis the troubled Ocean's Queen,
Match'd with a Mortal, next was seen,
Reclining on a Fun'ral Urn,
Her short-liv'd Darling Son to Mourn;
The last was he, whose Thunder slew
The Titan Race, a Rebel Crew,
That from a Hundred Hills ally'd
In impious Leagues their King defy'd.

This Wonder of the Sculptor's Hand
Produc'd his Art was at a stand;
For who wou'd hope new Fame to raise
Or risque his well-establish'd Praise;
That his high Genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove!

Sir, if I mark not your coupling Muse's Improprieties about Gods and Goddesses, Heroes and Heroines; why, O Illustrious Modern, why, for Rhime or for Reason, must King William frown, and not shine in Armour? Why, is his Wife and Virtuous charming Queen under the Name of Minerva, put to twist Threads in Verse?

D

Sir,

Sir, I ask you, (and had you not noble Matter for Description) I ask you, Sir, will a Man of Candor describe an ordinary Acquaintance by a Fault, or an insignificant Quality? The *Lady* that employs herself about knotted Fringe, *be* that purs on a Frown; or the swarthy complexion'd *Man* that's given to Women; Sir, will any call it a Respect to the *King's* Majesty, who wants no let-off, and shou'd not have one Reflective on his *Royal Kindred* put upon him, Sir, be Impartial, will any call it a Respect to His Majesty, thus to treat His Majesty's *Royal Predecessors*, especially the Glorious *King William*, who left the Nation the blessed Legacy of the *Hanover Succession*? And for what; O most *Illustrious Modern*, is all this? To introduce the *King*, who has his own peculiar, just and great Character, I say, to introduce the *King* in as poor a Manner, in as idle common Stuff, as the greatest *Hero* of the Age he liv'd in, was ever introduc'd by the vilest *Scribler*. Let it be,

Had drawn a Charles, or carv'd a Jove;

And there we have the *Parliament Titans* routed at the happy Restoration of the old *English Monarchy*; in the Person of *King Charles the Second*; or say,

Had drawn a James, or carv'd a Jove;

And there's *Monmouth* with his *Titans* slain; or, at the Time you publish'd these wonderful Flights; 'tis but to suppose the Scene *Perth* and you are in *High-Treason*; your Verses there wou'd have been printed by

Licence

License from the *Pretender*, who might have Knighted the *Poet*, as well as *Sir Donald Mack Donald*. I think it was impossible, most impossible for the *Pretender* ever to have succeeded; never sure was such a wretched headless Attempt as his, against so form'd a Government, so wise and so valiant a *King*. Now, Sir, give me leave to be Merry, wou'd you (I hope and believe you wou'd not) but I will say, wou'd you by *James* for *George* have laid your Rhimes at the Feet of the *Pope's Tool*, had they not fitted him on a Triumphant Entry into *London*? Yet, how fitted him? Not better than they fitted our conquering *George* on his Success; indeed, 'tis well Success fits your Verse to the *King*; yet, how to the *King*? Not otherwise than to all *Kings* that ever did from the World's Beginning, or ever will to the World's End, quell a Rebellion, this Minor *French King*, or *Infant Jove* not excepted, if his Reign shou'd be as foolishly disturb'd by quell'd *Jansonists* or *Sorbonists*, as the *King's* was by *Scotch Presbyterians*, and and *Highlanders*; Sir, again favour my Apish Muse, see how after Treason your Manner still justly retain'd falls into Sport, and fits the Lawyers.

*Withens, who went to Chase the Fair,
And at th' Assizes danc'd, was there;
The Common Bench with up-cast Eyes
Beheld his abdicated Skies:
Sir Bob's for easy Airs renown'd,
But to force Rhime we'll say he frown'd.
Barren, tho' fruitful, Keeble rose
His twisted Nonsense to compose;
The Fiches Harp was nicely strung,
But between Knaves and Fools they hung;
Of Rascals that betray'd the Queen,
Two wicked Simons Chiefs were seen.
A Lyer's Dust shall fill Not's Urn,
And Coxcombs their lost Foil shall Mourn;*

*The last was he, whose Parchment flew
The Titan Race, a Rebel Crew,
That from a Hundred Hills ally'd,
In impious Leagues their King defy'd.*

*This Wonder of the Sculptor's Hand
Produc'd, his Art was at a stand;
For who wou'd hope new Fame to raise,
Or risque a well-establish'd Praise;
That his high Genius to approve,
Had drawn a Ned, or carv'd a Jove.*

There is my dear *Illustrious*, a fair and an unfair Critick, for the fairness of my Intention, I appeal to your self and the whole World: Sir, it must be own'd, I have not in Matter or Manner show'd a Will of wrong Censure; the same Muse has certainly inspir'd you from the beginning to the end, your first Stanza fell gently and unconstrain'd to a *Goldsmith* and Sir *Ned*: Your last Stanza falls as gently and unconstrain'd to the whole *Rabble of the Gown*, and to the same sorry Sir *Ned*; if your Muse, my dear *Illustrious*, alters at all, 'tis rather by a Descent, by being most General and most Tumbling, where you shou'd be most Particular and most Rising. Sir, we take your Hint, in yourself you acquiesce, the Top of *Parnassus* you have reach'd, and we must hear no more in Honour of our *Sovereign*. After yourself you dare not write, and to write after you who shall be the more daring Man? So my dear *Illustrious*, you write horribly of the *King*, trumpet your own Fame, and huff the World into a perpetual Silence, thro' a Deference to your Perfection; Sir, be yourself the Judge, is this just to the *King*? Are you not hard on all who are dispos'd to offer the Muses Incense at the *Royal Shrine*, to their own and the *King's* Honour, and His Majesty's particular Pleasure? That he may see the *Best of Princes* is not wholly (I mean as to their own Sense) thrown away upon a half-headed and half hearted

hearted Generation, which deserves not, nor so much as understands his Virtue, ev'n while they enjoy the Security and Blessings of his Reign. My dear *Illustrious*, this Imposition cannot pass, the Evil, too great to be born, must and will cure itself: In the mean while, Sir, you must invoke another Muse, with Authority from *Apollo* I command you that without License from *Apollo*, assume a Power over Sir *Knoller*; mind then, Mr. *Bays*, the Instruction of *Poet* to *Poet*, you, who, as far as in Rhime cou'd be, have depos'd the King, are your-self depos'd from all future Approach to His Majesty, I mean in Rhime.

Sir, You that have a Knack at displaying, shall display the Pretender, demonstrate, be sure demonstrate the Possibility of an Impossibility, the Legitimacy of a *James* flying from *Scotland*, like a *James* from *Ireland*, with the first News of his Defeat: Faithfully, Sir, give us the Image of Plain-dealing in an Age of Knavery; express the *Pope*, *Cardinals* and Hare-brain'd *Tories*, honestly warn'd by their Chief, that all bets on such a *Craven*, must ever be lost. My dear *Illustrious*, since you cannot with any Modesty attempt an *Achilles*, at least show a Passive, crying, sighing, sobbing *Hero*; set forth all the Advantages of a Cloyster Education, the Use of a Lady *Abbess*, of Confession and Absolution, of *Turpentine* and *Mercury*; do Right to your *Hero*, delineate nice Chyrurgical Operations, and the Charms of the *Nun* that clap'd him. Heed, my dear *Illustrious*, see, celebrate the *Schoon-Silver-gilt Crown*, prepar'd fit for the false *Stuart*, but real Hereditary rightful *Oglethorp*; sing the glorious assum'd Title of his ever-running *Oglethorpiam*, or *Scoto-Gallick Majesty*: My dear *Illustrious*, show your Parts, or be for ever Silent, exhibit a Patent, a purblind Blockhead made a *Vi* for his share in concealing *King Oglethorp's* Birth, and entailing as far as cou'd be a kind of *Tork* and *Lancaster* Question on the King and Kingdom. Under the Patent, dear Sir, put by *Astrea's* Command,

Dici-

—Ditique Beatus

Ante obitum Nemo supremaque funera debet.

In the Piazza with Pleasure, as I have seen the Picture of the meeting and greeting of Mother *Damnable*, and Mother *Louise*; You, my dear *Illustrious*, shall to the very Life describe the Meeting and Greeting of Prince *Prettiman* of *Kent*, and Prince *Bowater* of *Worcestershire*, your Muse shall draw Love begun at a factious *Bacchanalia*, made for ever secure, as founded like the Love of *Catiline* and *Cethegus*, on certain vile Identities; Your Muse is to show both their sorry *Kentish* and *Worcestershire* *Worships* (no Matter how many in the Nation are concern'd, *Mutato Nomine*) I say, your Muse is to show both their sorry *Worships* making Interest for the *Pretender*, by talking and acting like Fools for King *George*. Grant us, my dear *Illustrious*, a new *Metamorphosis*, *Bowater*, by the Favour of the Gods, turn'd into a *Foot-ball*, that's full (you know) of Wind, and fit for nothing but to be kick'd: As to *Prettiman*, let your curious Fancy show him annihilated, the eternal Circumstance of his Understanding, Honesty and Prowess. Sir, you must treat us with a *Chaos*, the *little Kings*, and King *Nicholas*, if occasionally he bends the Knee, you'll own he's ready to Cock his Hat not only at his Sovereign; but his very God; sooner or later this way or that way, *Black Nick* for his own Views will Aid the *Pope* and his *Tool*; Sir, the Plot thickens, work it off as you can; display, Sir, display wisely the *Rabble*, the *Scotch Presbyterians*, the *Passive Obedient Rebels*, the *Jesuits*, the *Wooden Shoes* and *Wooden Gods*, handsome *Forfeitures*, *New-Castle House* granted to the *Fathers of the Inquisition*, and *White-Hall* to the *Pope's Legate*. My dear *Illustrious*, I know your Muse is good at *Patchwork*, and then a little *Guestwork* we must have, what a fine *King* may we hope for! by way of View to wicked ungrateful *England*, (that almost half deserves what

what I will not mention) you, my dear *Illustrious*, to all the other Articles shall, in the Person of *King Oglethorp*, add a more than *Queen Mary the First*, a most cruel Fool, (of the two, a Fool is more cruel than a Coward) but you, my dear *Illustrious*, shall present a most cruel Fool and Coward, oppressing the wretched *Scots*, ev'n while they were in Arms for him, and laying their Country waste, after he had resolv'd to run; and when, like enrag'd *Satan*, he saw his Time was short.

I have lent you, dear Sir, I have lent you Hints; you are in your Trial, if you turn my *Poetical Prose* into *Prosaick Verse*; if you fail to treat us with five or six Thousand good Lines, your past *Nonsense*, *Insolence* and *Treason*, shall not be pardon'd, hear what will be the Judgment of *Delphick Apollo*:

" *Illustrious Chief of the Moderns*, in the whole Isle of *Great-Britain*, you shall be carried to *Jacob Tonson's* Shop; where you utter'd your horrible Rhimes, from thence you shall be drawn upon a Sledge to the Place of Execution, not to repeat the Sentence, the sad Voice of the Law in Case of *High Treason*, soon we shall have our Ears dinn'd with—Here is a new and true Account of the Trial, Condemnation, and Execution of *Marius*, who writ seeming Heroicks; but real Doggrells upon the King.

" O *Illustrious*, you are *Sit Kneller's* Poet; and he's your Painter; let that *meer Limbner*, that no *Designer*, aid his Flegm in these your borrow'd Flights; let him in eternal Memory of *King Charles II's* being like *Sir William Temple* (I mean, in Picture) regard these Directions, which as my Translator you shall give him; let him especially take care that all who have ever seen the narrow *Leyden Slip*, or the malicious long Phyz of *Sir Theophilus Oglethorp*, may recognize the Copy in his real Son. In Case of Failure you are

" to

" to let Sir Kneller know from *Apollo*, that the famous
 " Painter and his Poet shall both swing, handsomely
 " swing together.

But, my dear *Illustrious*, you recriminate, you object,

Carpere vel noli nostra, veleda tua.

Very well, complaisantly, Sir, and perhaps justly to you I shou'd write, What? Sir, can you not compound for Prose? If nothing will satisfy but Verse for Verse; I'll try, what I never try'd before, my *Elegeick* Wing, tho' I shou'd be sure to hear my dear *Illustrious* say, which wou'd be fine Satyr indeed, that I write worse than you. Accept then, Sir,

A fancy'd Epistle.

*T*ill your George, Royal Muse, can behold your bright Face
 The Day droops, and Time marches his slow solemn Pace
 Once of you, a long once, with true Passion I've thought,
 To my still faithful Mind your Idea's still brought;
 When the high raging Seas, the wide Ocean I Plow,
 To the good heavenly Pow'r for your Absence I Bow.
 Soon I wish, when it's calm, and unconquer'd Kent near,
 That my priz'd Carolina sail'd Admiral here,
 With your George the King's pleas'd, All unanimous join
 Landing just where the Light of Eliza first shin'd;
 Fam'd Eliza, like Atlas sustain'd Europe's Weight,
 Sav'd our Altars, and founded the high mighty State
 Took each Ephor's stern Pride, each Majority down
 In their Politick Aims, and bold Flights at the Crown;
 Still preserv'd Britain's Empire from insolent Debt,
 Happy Omen! blest Shrine! as to Worship we met.

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'Tis our England's whole Strife, who shall first own their
(Lord,

We're receiv'd not as Strangers, but Angles restor'd;
Chearful London, the num'rous, conven'd Nations bring,
And with you join their zealous Ios to the King:
Never Caesar, with such Acclamation, and State,
Enter'd Stamboul's, Vienna's, or Rome's op'ning Gate;
O my lov'd Carolina, 'twou'd fill your charm'd Ear,
All the Joy, all the Loyal Addresses to hear;
And while Treason's regretting old Friends stand appal'd,
The bright Eyes of my Fair wou'd no less be regal'd;
All that Britain affords, of the Mighty or Gay,
Makes it's Entry to welcome, and Deck the King's Day;
As the Peerage in Duty still waits on the Throne,
Now each guilt painted Chariot's Triumphantly shown;
Their Devices are striking, 'tis all on Japan,
How at Sea the Gauls sunk, in the Field how they ran;
Here's thy Actium, Brave Orford, there Marlbro' thy Scene,
The whole Empire preserv'd, and the rescu'd Eugene;
There Bavaria reduc'd, Armies routed, Lines forc'd,
Here Tallard led in Triumph, there Villars unhors'd;
His entrench'd Army storm'd! Fame at Mons shall rebate
Caesar's brightest Atchievement, Alexia's strange Fate.
These Heroick Exploits while in Image I view,
Into Battles I'm carry'd, and Foes I persue;
Till the dress'd flaming Beaus, living Emblems of Peace,
My whole Mind from it's eager Intention release;
Of the Ladies a gather'd unnumber'd fine Train
On the Monarch attends, and adorns the new Reign;
All the Fair of the Nations to Beauty unite
Persian State, Indian Gems, all that dazles the Sight:
O my Genius, O Love's kind imagining Pow'r,
All their Presence does much, but your Absence does more;
Not a Soul's fully bless'd, my Heart only complies,
The King's Crown on his Head wants the Rays of your Eyes;

*So when Jove, in the Gods and the Goddesses Hall,
Had prepar'd for the Heav'ns a Magnificent Ball,
A' stood ailing like Marlbro' and Scipio cashier'd,
T'll the all-chearing Goddess of Beauty appear'd.*

*O Renown'd promis'd Land! not the sparkling Champaign,
Not the Fruits, Wine, and Oil, of France, Italy, Spain,
Shall pretend with our Meads, the stor'd Fields that we reap,
Is the right Golden Fleece, on their Goats or our Sheep?
Shall the sorry starv'd Jennet, the vicious Mule Breed
E'er be nam'd with our gentle, yet high metal'd Steed?
O my Pallas, all's Splendor, no more you'll esteem
Foreign Deer that as Egypt's thin Emblems wou'd seem;
Rivers, Ports, Seas, Hills, Vales, gentle Sun, temper'd*

(Air,

*Can the Globe with our Blessings and Wonders compare?
May your Heart less regret Charming Hanover left,
And my Pen justly Mark you're endow'd, not bereft,
Here's a Wealth, it's our least, and conceal'd from our View,
Is to more return Brought than the Veins of Peru,
Derby, Cornwall, Newcastle, shall Chili surpass,
Where at cost the Mine-worker's a poor loaded Ass,
Sons of unrefin'd hard labour'd ore, you're Slaves born,
And dig on for our Beeves, for our Cattle and Corn,
No Vesuvius, no Ætna, dread Emblems of Hell,
Ever here throw out Flames, or here Earthquakes portel,
Royal Bride, to a more than Jove's Isle I invite,
To all Greatness, all Glory, all Good, all Delight,
And cou'd less be presum'd ever worthy of you?
All that can be call'd vast is your vast Merit's due.
Not on Thames, not in Britain, the Hypocrite Tone,
Of the sharp Alligator, or Crocodile's known;
In our Forests no Tyger, no Wolf's ever found,
But high Oaks proundly charging the Skies there abound,
There, by Boughs, like our Arms kindly folding, is made,
For the blest Royal Lovers, a blest Royal Shade,
Thence (and still the kind Earth sends eternal Supplies)
Mighty Towns, stately Seats, Royal Palaces rise,*

Hamp-

Hampton, Windsor, St. James, stand like Monarchs in Arms,
And contend which shall be the fix'd Heav'n of your Charms.
Our admir'd Sailing Groves we Transplant on the Deep,
Thus we Subject the Main, and the Indys we Reap,
As the Bee from each Flow'r, from each Clime we acquire,
And our Merchants surpass all the Princes of Tyre,
At our will, or for Aid, or Correction we greet
The wide World with our Thunder, our all-conqu'ring Fleet
As the Gods, England's King turns the Scale to what e'er
Rescu'd State the far reaching Great Lord shall adhere.

In my just Page I wou'd not, I cannot exceed,
While with Pleasure I write, and with Pleasure you read,
All the Beauties Triumphant of Rome, Troy, and Grece,
Shall their much vaunted Claim to Love's Monarchy cease;
The French Sallow's by Nature design'd as a Foil
To the bright Saxon look, the great Charm of our Isle,
Of your Charms, while your George, in his Breast, proves
(the Might,

To the Sax-British Nymphs, can his Pen deny Right?
From the Brightest fam'd Heroins the Heroes arise,
Sons whose deeds fill the Land, and the Seas, and the Skys,
Churchills, Russells and Stanhopes, whose Names with a
(Fire,

Both Poetick and martial, each Briton Inspire,
Loyall Capels whom ever fresh laurels attend,
Spencers, Greys, and the Knights of the known Bloody
(Bend,
Candish, Sackvil, and Monk, Tracy, Compton, and
(Drake,

Hollis, Montague, Vere, and the close-thundering Blake,
Noble Sydney's refin'd Warlike Muse, and to Grace
All the Heros, our Antient Plantagenet Race,
Mighty Edwards, and Henries, who battling the Foe,
Shot in Pythian Apollo's sure Fate-dealing Bow.

In our World, in this Pride of the vast furnish'd Ball,
I'm deserted and poor, wanting you I want all;

*O thou Goddess of Charms, may the Skies be serene
 As your Look, and vouchsafe the wish'd happy full Scene;
 Ev'ry Breeze, ev'ry Threat of the Light fleeting Air,
 Gives my Breast an uneasy, a sharp-pointed Care;
 Boding Thoughts (but I hope wrongly boding) pursue,
 And my Heart that fears nothing fears all Things for you.*

*Your serene little Daughters like you look and talk,
 And like you, like epitomiz'd Junos they Walk;
 In their Persons your Charms while I wholly admire,
 From myself to my thus happy Self I retire;
 O my just Carolina, rever'd, temper'd Fair,
 From the King we've a Charge that's a Pleasure with Care;
 Tender Fred'rick, vast Hope, is by Nature design'd,
 For the Wonder, the Good, and Delight of Mankind;
 You, the young Hero's Thetis, his Destiny's guide,
 Judge when little Achilles shall try Wind and Tide.*

*O thou Brightness with Wisdom, my Life you restore,
 The first Moment you're safe on our kind Britain's Shore;
 Shouts from Eccho to Eccho shall strike the glad Isle,
 Heav'n and Earth on our Loves, on your Virtues shall
 (Smile:*

*Hissing Snakes shall before your Divinity fly,
 And in breeding Calves Teeth hoary Nimrod shall die.*

The A N S W E R.

NOT till now, O my *George*, had my kind Mourn-
(ing Breast,
From the Hour of your Absence, found Pleasure or
(Rest;

Thro' a wide distant Space by the force of sincere
Loyal Love, to my *George* at all Moments I'm near;
My feet climb'd a rude Mountain as *Caucasus* high,
Thence your flag, the whole Fleet, proudly sailing I spy,
Of a Weight so Important the Seas ne're cou'd Boast,
With a Heart full of Dread I behold your ship tost,
Like an Army Embattled the gathering clouds rise,
And at Noon spread with Night the portending black
(Skies;

Thunder, Lightning, and Hail, Wind, and Ca'tracts of
(Rain,

Make an Offensive League for enraging the Main;
O the *King* and my *Husband* together are wreck'd,
Both are lost, lost for ever, I heard, saw, and wak'd.
Not the Daggers, the Scorpions, the furies of Hell,
Of my Innocent Breast can the Torture excell,
My wound fresh, thus I argue, O *Heav'n*s here's your
(Might,

Let your Darling *Astræa* Proclaim your act right.
The sad Image engrav'd on my Mind, I prepare
The quick Tidings of Fate, Grief, and Horror, to hear,
Fv'ry Moment's a gain, while not hearing my Doom
I recover to hope, and myself I resume,
The kind *Gods* for past pain, sent (I'm conscious) to raise
A more high Intense pleasure, I gratefully praise,
Your Express when I saw, when your Signet I knew,
To my Heart, O my *George*, the wing'd Extasy flew,
Overwhelm'd by the Pow'r of a Blessing so vast
I relapse, and Love doubts, I'm presuming too fast;
Tho'

Tho' you write, tho' I read, you're on *Britain's* firm
 (Land,
 I but half can believe my own Eyes, or your Hand.

Deep at Heart *Cupid* takes an arch Pleasure to hide,
 To ourselves a true Passion's unknown till it's try'd ;
 When the Reasons of State for my Stay were exprest,
 Sill submitting I thought, sure my kind glowing Breast ;
 Shou'd not thus be depriv'd of the glory with you
 To partake all the Rigour that fate cou'd bestow ;
 Had the *King* and my *George* (for one's easy and free,
 In supposing the worst that one knows cannot be)
 Had the *King* and my *George* in the Deep found a Grave,
 Near the *King* and my *George* I had wanted a Wave ;
 It's a Treat to commem'rate the Dangers that were,
 And to reach *Britain's* Coast is my new pressing Care ;
 What you write of the *Beauties* is surely the same,
 As was ever of *England* recorded by Fame ;
 Much at large you'd inform me, each Word has it's
 (Weight,

Your Esteem of the *Fair*, you with Ardor repeat ;
 O your *Sax-British* Nymphs ! the made Language I
 (mind,

And the bright *Saxon* Look that in *England* you find ;
 Approv'd *Husband*, for me, for me only have Eyes,
 And confess just how far your Heart ever complies ;
 In all Goodness, in most valu'd Truth you excel,
 Shou'd you once, but my *George*, you will never rebel ;
 I'll reduce you by all my superlative Charms,
 To your *Venus* each *Lesbia* shall lay down her Arms.
 Prize by leave little *Junos* that Deck their high Sphere,
 Whom in them you admire, with full Pleasure I hear ;
 I object and I praise, in your Passion I find
 This and that Word the least, then perhaps the most
 (kind ;

With a Pen of Religious Affection I Note,
 Doubting still if I fully have answer'd, your Thought ;
 While

While I Journey each Day, and arrive at each Place,
Your whole Mind I review, your Love-Challenge I
(trace.

Your Epistle presents the wish'd Scene, I admit,
And to me, born a *Princess*, is *Royally* writ;
All to me? Or my *George*, are you courting the *Gods*
For your *Albion* to quit their bright azure *Abodes*?
Britain's Clime, which above all the Climes may be
(blest'd,

Bears Addition to me, that with you 'tis possess'd;
Royal Fav'rite, as highly (most highly) 'tis priz'd,
Let not *Hanover*, *Brunswick*, and *Zell* be despis'd;
If one shou'd both the Regions with critical Care
For the same kind of Blessings and Wonders compare:
British wide Land and Force (tho' our *Hanover* State
In the *Germanick* Circle is *Sov'rain* and *Great*,
Tho' our *Race* in each Age, thro' each glorious Event,
Claims a Pow'r from *August*, from *Imperial* Descent.)
British wide Land and Force will a just Diff'rence
(claim,

And the People that was, now appears not, the same;
May we never repent our true *Hanover* left,
Never feel we're of old thankful *Angles* bereft;
No Insult on the *Sov'rain*, no monstrous Appeal
To the vile Rabble Rour taints Affectionate *Zell*;
At a Mob-leading Priest *Brunswick* Priesthood wou'd
(gaze

As at *Judas* the first, or the Skies in a blaze;
With a Passionate Joy, *British* Heroes, I own,
You're (if equal'd by any) exceeded by none;
But, my *George*, in what Crowds, in how brisk a Ca-
(reer,

With our *Heroes* indeed, the *Mock-Heroes* appear?
As they March on the press'd Tragicomical Stage,
You'll observe, how they mix, how bedizon my Page;

Charm'd

Charm'd by *Russel* and *Stanhope*, with Horror you're
 (itrook,
 At the Folly of *Sh* *l*, the Treason of *R* *k*;
 While our *Hollis* has Heart *English* Rights to maintain,
F *ch* and *W* *ton* admire, what they merit, a Chain;
 With our true worthy *Capels*, and *Knights of the Bend*,
L *mer's* Highness, *Pims*, *Iretons*, in Numbers con-
 (tend:

If the *Loyal* to seek thro' each Age you encline,
 I'll redouble the Poll, and bring all *Cromwell's* Line;
 When their *David's* in Fits, not the Pref'rence he gives
 To new *Shimei*, who call'd his *King* Felon, and lives;
 If on brave faithful *Sidney*, you heap a due Praise,
 Strait against him a Squadron of *Har* *ts* I raise;
 On each Hero my Odds like a Storm I cou'd pour,
 To bright *Sackvill*, oppose dark Sir *Necnon*, and *M* *rs*
 Tho' the *Cesars*, the *Sophis*, and *Ammons* give Place
 To our Warlike and Num'rous *Plantagenet* Race;
 By the *Har* *s*, and *Gregs*, my sad Triumph I claim,
 And for one Godlike *Marlbro'* ten *Ormonds* I'll name.
 * *British* Wives have a Title undoubted to preach,
 And, who says, they their kind list'ning Husbands mis-
 (teach?

Never argue, my *George*, never argue with me,
 That our *Britain's* from Wolves, Tygers, Crocodiles,
 (free,

O you Rebels of *England*, you murder'd your *King*!
 Nor will *Loyal Addresses* Security bring,
 Faithful *George* (and it highly concerns the *Crown's Heir*)
 Tell your *Liege*, Sir, of *Loyal Addresses* beware;
 Lives and Fortunes, stale Nonsense, *New England's* worn
 (Themes,

Were laid down at the Feet both of *Richard* and *James*,
 Both the *Despots* had promis'd themselves easy sway,
 But the *Loyal Addressers* each *Despot* betray;
 Great *Nassau* pray'd and prais'd in the Nation's Distress,
 Their Deliv'rance was seen, and thy Treatment no less;
 By

The Illustrious Modern. 41

By a charming just *Lady* next *England* was try'd,
Of three *Kingdoms* (ye *Gods*!) of three *Kingdoms* she
(dy'd;

But I'll say the *King's* Wisdom shall *Virtue* restore,
And with old *Gothick* Freedom exert *Regal* Pow'r;
By his Prowess the fashion of *Treason* shall cease,
And the *Crown* to our *Line* be transmitted in Peace;
While the Good and the Bad find a suited Reward,
Not an old or new *Saint-John*, or *Cariline's* fear'd;
While the high and low *Rumps* of *Quingentarchy* run;
Twins in guilt, from the Light of our *Hanover* Sun;
A fine *Race* shall thro' Time our *Succession* maintain,
And we *Saxons* agen over *Saxons* shall Reign.

Yet, O now when the *Seas* and the *Winter* combine;
Why I fail, charming *George*, by your Heart you know
(mine;

London, *Thames*, all their Show, all their vary'd Delight;
Are a Pow'r far too weak, if they only invite;
To the *King* till my Faith and Allegiance I pay,
Till my Eyes see your Eyes, an Age passes each Day;
How transported with Pleasure I hear the Wind's fair,
And not bearing delay to the Coast I repair;
When from all diff'rent Quarters fierce *Aeolus* blew,
Of the *Alps* what I've read of the *Billows* I view;
My Express here I reach, I take back what I writ;
And, my *George*, you will Love's kind Addition pet-
(mit;

Tho' opposing Winds rage at themselves and the Tide,
Yet the creeping Express in Love's Anger I chide;
Forward, backward, I tread, forward still in Desire,
Oh! I still from the Fury of *Neptune* retire;
Like a Dart my Dream strikes me, confus'd I divine,
Is the *King's* and my *George's* fear'd Destiny mine?
Little *Fred'rick*, at Danger I see his Heart rise,
And in his I the Courage can read of your Eyes;

Little *Fred'rick*, black *Edward*, our strong future Shield,
 Shall give *France* while we live a *Plantagenet* Field;
 (For the *Gauls* will grow *Pert*, and our *Blenheims* for-

Not their well chastis'd Aim at *fift Monarchy* yet)
 Little *Fred'rick*, ye *Heav'ns*! can I leave him behind?
 I'll myself trust, not him, to the Ocean and Wind;
 When the *Zephyrs* are constant, when *May* and *June*

(laugh,
 When the *Ocean's* a Port, and as *Thamisis* safe;
 By my *Fred'rick* well left on the *Teutonic* Coast,
 To *Britannia's* blest'd Clime the mild Seas shall be

(cross't;
 Hands aloft, my *George*, aid me to break this high
 (Wave,
 Love for me makes you fear, and for you makes me
 (brave;

'Tis for you, mighty *George*, my affectionate Breast
 Gives the deep *Defiance*, and storms the North West;
 Waking Thoughts me from merciless Terrors defend,
 As the *King's* and my *George's* my Danger shall end;
Fate to *Love* shall submit, here's a prosp'rous fine Gale,
Cupid imp's his Pearl Wings to my spreading full Sail;
Hissing Snakes at the View of our Blessing shall fly,
Hoary Nimrod shall pine, but, my *George*, he'll not die;
 For his Absence from Battle the *Waster* shall live,
 Breach of Faith shall a Fame to the fell *Monster* give;
 As the *Mummies* by Drugs, he's preserv'd by his Crimes,
 And disgraces *Boileau's* creeping impudent Rhimes.

Neptune's calm'd, a new Face the glad *Tritons* pre-
 (sent,

Phæbus darts on the Cliffs, and I see charming *Kent*;
 First of all *Britain's* soil, my Foot honours the Place,
 Where the bold Warlike Sons gave the *Romans* a chase;

Here

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Here their *Julius* knew Fear, and I'll pass thro' the *Gate*,
Where he fled to his Ships, and made * off from his
(Fate.

My Express has command to keep Master of Time,
Shou'd I reach him agen, more than Treason's his
(Crime;

O my *George*, meet your *Love* with a *Mercury* speed,
Mount the Wings of the Wind, or as foaming a Steed;
As to break happy *Europe's* prepar'd heavy Chain,
The King charg'd on in *Hung'ry's* eternaliz'd Plain;
Where the *Hero* came lightning, and *Ottoman* spy'd
The fierce Flash, the Fate turn'd, just the Moment he
(dy'd.

O accept, *Mars* from *Mars*, my Love-Journal as part
Of the *Love* that's laid up in my eloquent Heart;
The *French* Princes, the *Scheld*, and King *Oglethorpe*
(know,

And your *Lushly* reveng'd, how my *George* seeks the
Foe;
Seek me now, valiant *George*, and your Passion shall
(prove,

That a *Hero* in Glory's a *Hero* in Love.

I advance to the Place where the brave *Natives* stood,
For their old *Saxon* Rights, one amazing arm'd *Wood*;
Where the high-metal'd *Sons* gave the *Conqueror* Law,
And on *St. Stephen's* *Kings* strook a *Pattern* of Awe;
Hast, O hast, constant Heart, *Love* will only admit,
That you just read the *Passion* I've faithfully writ.

With your leave, Sir, lest no Body else shou'd Praise
me, I'll Praise myself; 'tis *Prince Prettiman's* Saw, when
he gets maudling between Punch and Politicks; *Well,*
I own I am a Man of pretty good Parts. Dear, Sir, why
shou'd not your Admirer vote himself *Superfine* of the

* *Territa quaesitis ostendit terga Britannis.*

Superfine, and *Illustrious* of the *Illustrious*? Why shou'd not my *Praise* be the most *establisht*, of the most *establisht* of all the *Modern Praise* that was ever boasted of? This, indeed, is the bright side, but however we *Authors* may judge of ourselves, the *Publick*, (which I own is a Misfortune) will be of their own Opinion; yet, as the great *Royal Persons* ought not to be introduc'd speaking other than the Language of the *Gods*, it will be at least allow'd me in Diminution of Damages to every possibly agriev'd Reader, that in this Point, and to maintain the several Characteristick *Respects*, the Difficulty of my Undertaking has been altogether Extraordinary; *Apollo* himself approves the Choice of my Topicks not fit for all, not for any other *Princes*, and denounces Shame on the *Moderns* for suffering the *People* of each Rank and Degree to be carry'd away with a Notion of the *Strangers*, the *Strangers*! as the *King* and *Royal Race* have been affected to be call'd by the Seditious, the *Nation* in Justice every way shou'd have been better inform'd, the Boys and Girls shou'd in early Rhime, and as an Alphabet have e'er now learn'd their *English* Original. Besides, the *King's* Descent as well from the late as from the ancient *Royal Stock*, I ask who are properly the *English* Ancestors? I own the Name of *Britain* is in all Ages recorded by *Historians* and *Poets*, 'tis now reviv'd in Favour to the *Scots*, and for the comprehending of both Nations under one Name: Yet *England*, I hope, dear *England* is not, and never will be forgot. What is the *English* Race but *German*, originally *Saxon*? Has not *England*, or *Angland* it's Name from the Country of the *Angles*, a part of the ancient great *Saxon Empire*, and not farther from *Hanover*, than *Maidstone* or *Colchester* is from *London*? Are not our very Week Days *Tuesco's Day*, or *Tuesday*, *Woden's*, or *Weden'sday*, *Thor's*, or *Thur'sday*, deriv'd from the *Saxon Heroes*, *Kings*, *Emperors*, or *Demi-Gods*? Is not our *Friday* from the charming Lady *Fria*, the *Saxon*

The Illustrious Modern.

45

Saxon Rival of Venus? Was not our Learning and the Latin Tongue in the Saxon Character, has not the method of *Legit ut Clericus* been continu'd in it to our Days?

Mix'd we are as other People of the World, but most certain it is we are chiefly Saxon, the Saxon above all the Nations has prevail'd in our *Albion*. Our *Isle* was subject, and so long subject to the Romans, that when in the decline of their Empire they cou'd not relieve their *British* Subjects, they (having been disarm'd by the Romans) were miserably expos'd to the *Picts* and *Scots*, *Barbari nos pellunt ad mare, mare nos repellit ad barbaros* was the Britons Complaint, but vain Complaint, to the Romans. The Scots retain their Ancient Name, the *Picts* were the *Irish* that came over the strait Sea to *West-Scotland*, whence *Picts* and *Scots* in Conjunction invaded the Britons, who, having yet no well form'd Government, after they had been Disarm'd, and then deserted by the Romans, call'd in the Saxons, the *Picts* and *Scots* were a barbarous Enemy, an unciviliz'd People, the Saxons were powerful Defenders; in short, the *Picts*, *Scots* and Saxons scrambled for Britain thus left Defenceless by the Romans. The Question was to whom the *Isle* shou'd belong, and the eager Contest for so fine a Country, ended in a Saxon or English Hierarchy over the whole *Isle*, except *Wales* and the Part, *O Cleveland*, less worth.

Had Cain been Sc, God wou'd have chang'd his Doom,
Not caus'd him wander, but confin'd him Home.

The old Britons or *Welsh*, who are now as kindly one with us as the *Sabins* were with the Romans, yet to this Day call us *Sassons*, not *English*; our Saxon or English Kings set the Earl of *Northumberland*, and the Bishop of *Durham* with only those and the other two poor Northern Counties, *Cumberland* and *Westmorland* as an over match to *Scotland*; we us'd to put Hemp Cravats on the Scottish Moss-Troopers,

Troopers, Rogues or Whigs, who wou'd be troublesome by meer Hunger, while our *Saxon or English* Lords of *Ireland* sent *Deputies* thither, and had the *Tory Rogues* hang'd in a *Wish*, for they were not worth a Halter.

All People have had regard to their Beginning, *Carthage* lov'd *Tyre*, the *Romans* affected the *Trojans*; and have we not in all Ages affected our Parent *Germans*, *Saxons* or *Angles*? Have not we with them, and they with us, as by natural Affection, thro' the long revolving Centuries, held up the Gauntlet against the *Picts* and *Scots*, the *Franks* and *Romans*, all long inveterate Enemies of *England* and *Germany*? The Affection and Disaffection, trac'd plainly from remote Ages, descends mutually, and the Nations seem to differ from us, for the meer sake of Difference in Matters of the Church, as well as of the State. I have thought, let the *English* be *Presbyterians*, the *Scots* shall all as one Man be zealous *Episcoparians*; let the King, Lords and Commons declare for *Transubstantiation*, (I humbly ask Pardon for the Expression) presently the *Picts* or home-bred *Irish* shall be stiff *Protestants*, and ready for a Massacre that way; the *Gauls* too (I have fancy'd) in their Hereditary quality Recorded in the Tower of *London* by our *Henry* the Eighth, may receive our 39 Articles, and when we turn Apostates, the *Roman Pontiff*, who can wind or new mould himself like a *Pharisee*, *Jesuit*, *Tory*, or *Puritan*, for or against the Prerogative, Liberty, or any Cause, shall, to retain any way his *Roman* Sting, stile himself the infallible Head of the Reformation, and play the Reform'd, the truly Protestant *James* the third, at us Idolaters, and Sinners against the Light we had receiv'd.

My dear *Illustrious*, by all the Love that has past between us, by our now considerable Acquaintance and Conversation, I adjure you, how cou'd any but an *Illustrious Modern* pretend to write in Honour of the King, after his new Accession to the Throne of his Ancestors,

cestors, and possibly not trace his Majesty's Royal Descent, the *Empress Maid*, the most Heroick *Plantagenet*, these National Characters? how cou'd you, dear Sir, omit to mention with glory our *English* Name, and Original from a brave *Nation* never subdu'd, and giving dreadful Blows to Invaders, to the *Romans*, to the *French*, to their *Charles* the Great? Blows dreadful as in our Age have been dealt to their *Lewis*, nor is it to be deny'd that our *Saxon* Parents and Brethren were the Principal of those who tore the *Roman* Eagle from *Italy*, and finally fix'd it in *Germany*.

I have thought the great *Modern* Wits, know little or no History, but what is hinted at in *Virgil* or *Homer*, and tho' those Authors are and will be as long as the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues last justly admir'd; yet so is, and will be our *Shakespear* and others, while the *English* Tongue flourishes, which I hope will be to the World's end, and I cannot see why we may not do our Country right in the historical Part, without quitting the establish'd Poetical *Jupiter*, *Mars*, *Venus*, and other *Homeric* or *Virgilian* Emblems, and Allusions.

Having rescu'd my dearly belov'd *Saxons*, from the unnatural and modern Imputation of being Strangers, I must mention the real Strangers, I mean Verses of 12 Feet, for tho' I have met with a few careless Verses of that sort, mixt in a hobbling manner with Verses of 10 and 11 Feet, yet I remember not any entire or compleat Performance of the kind, without Disparagement of the us'd *English* heroick Verse of 10 Feet, I think the other of 12 us'd by the *Dutch*, *German*, and *French* Poets, equally Heroick with any.

*Où tu vois en moi seule, et le fer, et la flamme,
Et la Terre, et la mer, et l'Enfer, et les Cieux,
Et le Sceptre des Rois, et le foudre des Dieux.*

Will

Will it be said these Verses, spoke by *Medea* in *Cornelle*, are in Majesty, in all that's Sublime, exceeded by any, in the *English*, *Latin* or *Greek*? If yes, perhaps I have not Instanc'd the most Heroick in their Kind and Language; every learn'd Reader may judge of the most Heroick in all the Languages, and make his particular Judgment of what I generally Advance, indeed when I undertook my arduous Task, of introducing the great *Royal*, and now living *Persons* speaking, I thought I might best use their own Numbers, and at the same time show the *English* Tongue capable of the same Versification. Perhaps it was accident that our first Heroick Poets lit on the Verses of ten Feet; after all, Sir, the Question seems not to be what sort Verses are of, but how they are writ, and whether they excel in their kind, for as a good Poet will suitably to his Subject be smooth, eleageick, or lofty, a true Son of *Bavius*, may and will be flat, very flat, *O Illustrious*, in any Numbers, in any kind of Verse.

Sir, what an Age is this for Wit and Gratitude? Where are our renown'd Sons of Rhime? Are all silent? Can no one be provok'd to exert himself? *England* has in past Centuries over-match'd the Neighbour *French*, indeed all Nations, in the personal Virtue and Magnanimity of our *Kings*, whatever may be thought by the Perverse and the Vulgar, the Poet has an Obligation to the *Hero*, and if there were more Virtue in the World, the Panegyrick Part (*O Trajan* and thy *Pliny*) wou'd not only be more honest and justifiable, but more familiar and easy.

By this Advantage, dear Sir, may one hope to write after, and not below you whose *Art is at a stand*? Or must all be confin'd in our *British* Ditch by your saucy *Frog* of a *Muse* that makes the *King* but two or three Years old, no more than we had seen of him in our *England*.

My

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My dear *Illustrious* seems in meer Revenge to put the mighty Task on me, some think I can make the Satire dance, I have play'd now my first Tune on the Flagelet, are any of the Notes high enough for the Hoboy? Can I (are you sure, or do you guess?) Blow the Trumpet of *Bellona*? Cou'd I paint our glorious *Saxon* Original, and *Plantagenet* restor'd? O *Illustrious Modern*, O lineally descended from *Bovius* by the Father, and from *Marius* by the Mother; O drowning *Narcissus*, O eternal *Suffenus*, may I, after a closing the Book of Fame by you, who will not *risque your well establish'd Praise*, express how the great *William* thought the great *George* fit to fill the *British Throne*? Cou'd I describe how the *Hanover Augustus* was Defender of the *Christian World* from it's Destruction, concerted between the *Infidels* and an *Antichristian Monarch*? How the *Brunswick Elector*, (made *Elect*or for his memorable Prowess and Conduct) kept together with Reputation the *Confederate German Army*, after a long renown'd *General*, had in the Undertaking lost his Character: This and more is our *Sovereign*, who vilify'd by your Panegyrick, was before his Accession to the *British Throne*, admir'd and courted by *Kings* and *Emperors*, and is the *Favorite of Heav'n*, fitly, O *Illustrious*, fitly cou'd I celebrate this *Favorite of Heav'n*, who by the Reputation of his Conduct, and the Terror of his known Prowess hawk'd the trembling Conspirators, like close-lying Partridges, from daring to rise and oppose His Majesty's Landing in *England*, immediately on the Death of her late Majesty? Cou'd I justly describe the Godlike Wisdom, that has made the *Regent of France* a Friend, mended a vile Peace, and avoided a new War, after *England*, *France*, and *Holland*, had been near exhausted by the peevishness, spight and usurious Methods of *English Whigs*, who agreed in nothing but Extortion, for *Tory Treason* alone cou'd not have perform'd the Operation. Cou'd I, O *Illustrious* For to

any Strain above the wooden *Modern Mob* of Authors, cou'd I paint a *Hero* not led by, but leading his Council, and slighting or subduing every *Corporation* of *Knaves* and *Traitors* that wou'd be *at one and all with their SOVEREIGN*? Cou'd I, carry'd beyond my self by honest Zeal and Duty, show the *Nation* near a Condition of being conquer'd, and then sav'd by miraculous *George* as by a *God descending from the Clouds*? Cou'd I present *Solomon* anew verifi'd, and exemplify'd, *The Heart of the KING is unsearchable*, can I reach, who can reach, the Royal Depth that prevails as much by Distinction of Persons, and by all the Wisdom of a *KING*, as by his conquering Prowess, and the Force of his Arms?

By all the *Gods*, Sir, a *Saxon Poem*, a more than an *Iliad* or *Eneid* is due, and I wish it undertaken by an *Equal Genius*, long had I delay'd publishing these Pages, in hope that the sleepy Wits of the thankless *Nation*, wou'd rouse themselves to something worthy of their *Sovereign*, but your blustering my dear *Illustrious*, has done terrible Execution; effectually, Sir, you have bully'd the *Poetick World*, from Writing after their reputed and wisely accepted *Chief*. My Essay, my whole desire is to set *Parnassus* free, that those who have a capacity may think they have a Right, a Duty upon 'em to praise the *KING*, that all who can ride the wing'd Horse, may strive to be foremost in the Race of doing Honour, of paying the Muses Homage to our *Sovereign*. Sir, if I have been free, you will, I hope, own I have been no less just and kind, I have still in my Hyperboles set my self bounds, and attackt but these Verses; Sir give up this scandalous crop of your Muse, these vile Rhimes, this wicked Lampoon upon the *King*, buy up, call in, and burn your whole Impression, cease to scare our poor Wits into a despair of writing better than your self on my *Sovereign*, and for the rest I'm lovingly yours. Did never any Poet before you, Sir, write to the Painter; is the Path untrod is the Fancy *Modern* or your own? *First*

First draw a Cloud, all save her Neck,
And out of that make Day to break.

O rare Ben Johnson! Sir, with how much more Wit
and Manners, has that ingenious Poet treated his *Mistress*,
than you have treated your *Sovereign*; and what says
Waller to the Painter?

First draw the Sea, that Portion which between,
The greater World and this of ours is seen,
Draw here the British, there the Holland Fleet,
Vast floating Armies, Both prepar'd to meet,
Make Heav'n concern'd, and an unusual Star
Declare th' Importance of th' approaching War.

Now Sir, transpose, disrobe, mangle, abuse, imitate
these Lines as you please,

Invenies etiam disjecti membra Poetae,

a Dignity they will retain, forc'd they may be, or
wholly chang'd, fall they will not into a Jest, Nonsense,
or Modern Satyre on *themselves* and the *Hero*; yet my
dear *Illustrious* will own Mr. *Waller* had not the Ad-
vantage of your *inspiring Theme*.

Sir, my impartial Muse had writ these Remarks,
and given my pleasant Pamphlet it's Title, THE IL-
LUSTRIOUS MODERN, e're I knew who was Author
of your miraculous Flights; and indeed, Sir, before your
deserv'd Preferment, you were sufficiently *Illustrious* by
your *Well-establish'd Praise*, nor can I now alter the Title
of my Book, I see no Reason to retract a Syllab; the
more I own your Merit, (I mean except in Verse) to
the King, the more ought I to exert my self for the Li-
berty of *Helicon*, and for my *Sovereign's Honour*, no body,
Sir, is priviledg'd to write ill Verses, if the Duke of
Malbro (who ought to be presum'd capable of Writing
good Verses since no bad of his Writing have ever
appear'd against him), I say if the Duke of *Malboro*

shou'd Disfigure his Campaigns in your execrable Stile,
I'd make him (O ye sacred *Helicon* Lassies) fight all his
Battles over again, and kill another Million of *Gauls*,
tho' he broke the Peace for't.

Sir, by your arbitrary Air, your *establiſh'd Praise*, and
high Genius, I have thought were I, what I am not,
your Vassal, I shou'd have but a quarter of an Hour's
choice to die, or approve (which I never cou'd) your
Meter, had you (I have sometimes said to myself)
the Power as you discover the Caprice of *Nero*, I shou'd
be thrown into the *Thames*, and *London*, poor abject
London, must presently, as they wou'd, address in Praise
of your Harp, or be all in Flames.

The Scene is now over, and, Sir, in Mirth, yet not
less in good Earnest, as I am a Friend to your Person,
I presume you are a Friend, at least no Enemy to
mine.

I'm going to the Claret-House with Men of Parts, a
Love Principium, but after the King and Royal
Family; my next Health shall be to my *Illustrious chief*
of the *Moderns*, with Hope, not Vaste, I confess, of
Reformation in your *Muse*.

Long live, O *Illustrious*, certain, most certain it is,
that while you live, who by the *Mogul* Trumpet pro-
claim yourself the best, I'm in no danger of being the
worst Poet in *England*.

'Tis a groveling World, we relaps below the Ages
barbarous in our Stile; we go back in the finest Arts,
we excel in Mechanicks, Smiths, Carpenters, Masons,
all Trades that require Strength of Body; as to Inge-
nuity and Performance of the Brain, I can only la-
ment that we swarm with bungling Pretenders, damn'd
Carvers, damn'd Medal-makers, damn'd Painters, and
most damn'd confounded Poets.

All the *Drydens* of our Days (poor in Thought, rich
only in Vice) cannot support the *English* Stage with-
out honest *Shakespear*, who has been now dead about

100 Years; honest *Shakespear*, whose Works will never die; honest *Shakespear*, who falling sometimes pardonably short, flies often higher than *Homer* and *Virgil*, and ev'n reaches the Clouds.

When my Pages were more than half printed, I heard my Illustrious Modern had departed, or was departing this Life, and such flying Reports have been of King *Oglethorp*, whether they survive me, or I them, Justice is the same, and my Opinion remains unalter'd.

To drop my Illustrious Modern who, imposing on us the Idolatry of himself, most unworthily treats the greatest of Worthies, our Poets (strange Mark of an abandon'd Age!) generally, when they attempt Praise, make Choice of some unworthy Theme, ^{as} if they were Dwarfs, or Cripples in Virtue, and cou'd not raise their impotent or maim'd Imaginations to a consummate Hero that recalls the Prowess of all Ages.

A King of *England* is great by Law. *English* Liberty, and the publick Peace, has been endanger'd by our weak, never by our brave and high-spirited Princes, of the former are *Edward II.* *Richard II.* and some few besides; of the latter are *Henry II.* *Edward I.* *Edward III.* *Henry IV.* *Henry V.* Queen *Elizabeth*, and indeed many others, from *Egbert* the first *Angle* or *Saxon* Monarch of all *England* to the present Reign. One reflects as one reads, and I have thought more Virtue is incidentally seen in ev'n the Errors of elevated Minds, than in the Diminutive, tho' real good Qualities of poor Spirits. Memorable is the Year 1410 for the Disaster between *Henry* Prince of *Wales*, and the chief Justice of *England*, a Disaster in which the King thought himself concern'd, presently the *Sh pens*, the whole creeping Serpentine Rabble of Office-Hunters and Traitors swell'd with Expectation; but by the Blessing of God, and in his due Season all was set right, and the Prince liv'd to approve himself the most magnanimous Son of a most magnanimous Father.

It's

It's the way of Providence to draw Good out of Evil, the late Rebellion look'd threaten'g to our short Sight, but our great King, truly the Almighty's Vice-Roy, has made Advantage of the foolish Enterprize of his Enemies, and by merciful Justice still more establish'd his Throne.

England, happy England, O ye sacred Nine, sing the Praise of this glorious Trajan, this invincible Alcides, that cleans the Augean Stable of the National Knavery, and sears the popular Heads of Hydra.

F I N I S.



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